ALL SITUATIONS ALIKE TO NEW BRITISH TOMMY

On First Stage of His Remarkable Foreign Tour, He Views Everything With Composure.

FUTURE DOESN'T WORRY HIM

In Few Minutes After Arrival He Is Making Friends With Natives and Exchanging Pleasantries on Cottage Doorsteps.

PARIS, August 14.—It is curious to watch the ease with which the new British Tommy, just arrived at the first stage of his remarkable foreign tour, his future as unknown as the name of the village in which he finds himself, takes it all with as much composure as if he never had done anything else. A host of them were quartered on our village for a few days. They appeared unexpectedly in our quiet place from nowhere in particular, filled the roads, the barns and the houses, and their khaki became as usual in our landscape as trees.

In half an hour they were nursing children on cottage doorsteps, exchanging the antique village pleasantries with the old inhabitants, and occasionally with young ones, while waiting their turn at the communal pump; and were as reposeful in ancient wayside barns as if those weathered oaken beams were put there by their forefathers. Some of them assembled in the principal street, with combs, and one became a solemn bandmaster, and so they celebrated the occasion with music. It is obviously difficult to worry natures of that kind. They look around them with quiet interest, gaze at premises labeled "Debit de Boissons" with knowing intelligence, ask what boissons are, and go inside.

LIE IN DARKNESS SINGING JOYOUS SONGS

The last I heard of them was late a few nights ago, where in an old outhouse they lay on straw in total darkness, singing joyous songs quite new to France—though the last tune they sang was of a different nature altogether—and, listening to them at an open window, it was easy for this countryman of theirs to know where their thoughts were. The next morning they had disappeared so completely that they might have been no more than an occurrence we had been dreaming about.

They are well liked here. There is an understanding between the French and our men which I should say is unshakeable. Perhaps the French of the country districts find it even easier to get on good terms with our Indian troops.

The Indians are of a shy, modest and gentle nature, and themselves living near to the earth at home, they have a certain kinship with the people of the soil. Their interest in French agricultural methods is frank, and their hosts welcome it. The Indians seem to find no difficulty with the language either. It is common to see them in easy and casual conversation with the French. One of their officers told me he discovered lately some of his men talking Flemish.

This excellent understanding—there is no need to point out its vital value—though essential to the success of the common cause, yet could not have been ordered, like shells. But we have it. It was the best feature of the afternoon last Sunday when a band of Pathans and Dogras, trained by a few enthusiasts of an Indian division, gave a concert in the square of a considerable town not so far from the firing line.

The Indian musicians had bagpipes, and perhaps their French hosts imagined this was the wild music of the Orient. But it was the "March of the Cameron Men," "The Bridge of Perth" and things like that. The first wail of the pipes filled the surrounding houses with faces up to the attic windows and drew rapid streams of people down all the side streets. And what a memory for the French youngsters! Tall, lithe figures of Punjabis, Dogras and Pathans, in turbans and robes the color of the desert, their sharp, swarthy faces and curled black beards, playing Scotch reels on bagpipes with an increasing speed, the drums as convulsive as quick-firers when the drummer was not putting a double halo round his head with the magic sticks and shrill cries coming from odd corners, where there were men of all the clans, at every ecstatic moment.

TODDLERS ARE RAISED ABOVE SWARTHY HEADS

The small children tried to creep between the legs of the native troopers, who looked down in surprise, saw what was there and hoisted the youngsters above their turbans. They politely lugged French matrons to surrender their toddlers, took them from their mothers' arms and hoisted them aloft.

Of course, the pipes to these Indian musicians are an acquired habit, but they would do credit to the glens. We heard also their own native music, plaintive and barbaric, on a reed instrument called the serenai, to the accompaniment of dhols, tomtoms struck on one head by a stick and by the open hand on the other. Yet when the Indians showed that the "Marseillaise" was within the range of their strange wooden pipes and rendered it to complete the day with accuracy and spirit enthusiasm might have been heard the German lines.

SWORD OF HONOR FOR ALBERT OF BELGIUM

PARIS, Aug. 14.—The sword of honor to be presented by the people of Paris to King Albert has been completed by the sculptor Petit. It will first be submitted to General Florentin, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, then to M. Poincare, President of the republic, after which it will be placed on view for a time at the Exhibition of Belgian Art at the Petit Palais.

"No thoroughfare" is the inscription upon the guard at the foot of the hilt in the form of a statuette in massive gold, representing a young athlete upon the defensive, brandishing a club. The statuette represents the Flemish type, a Belgian having posed for the figure. The guard is also of massive gold, bearing the arms of the city of Paris in blue and red enamel, with the cross of the Legion of Honor and the device: "Fluctuat nec mergitur," and the date 1914 in diamonds upon an oak branch in green enamel. On the other side of the guard, in golden letters upon blue enamel, is the inscription: "The people of Paris to His Majesty, Albert I, King of the Belgians." The inscription on this side is surmounted by a laurel wreath set with emeralds and rubies.

The blade of the sword is in steel of St. Etienne, ornamented with panoplies of steel upon gold, with these lines by Jean Richepin:

"Droite, sans tache, sans effroi,
J'ai pour ame ton ame, o Roi."
("Straight, spotless, and fearless,
I have for my soul thy soul, O King.")

The sheath is of fish skin, tanned by a process revived from the eighteenth century. The chape bears the arms of the thirteen Belgian provinces, on a field of flowers and vegetation of the country; flax, hops and colza. It is surmounted by a mural crown.

The belt is a very rich piece of embroidery, designed by Madame Van Driestan, in eight different golden tints, with ivy, symbolizing attachment; wheat, figuring abundance; oak, indicating force, and the laurel leaves of glory, interlaced upon velvet in the colors of Paris. The golden belt buckle is composed of three civic crowns, one of them forming the frame for the figure of a charging chevalier—emblem of war—another the Gallic cock, and the third the Belgian lion. The sword is inclosed in a white satin case with the crowned monogram of King Albert.

Everything is symbolic in the design and execution of the work, even the way in which it is to be presented, unsheathed, to indicate that it should not be sheathed except after the liberation of Belgium.

NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY DURING ANNUAL FAST

PARIS, August 14.—The Turco—Algerian rifleman—and other soldiers of the Mohammedan faith from other parts of Africa serving in the French army, now drink their coffee at sunset, take their lunch thirty minutes later, and have their dinner at midnight. This turning of night into day is the consequence of the Ramadan, the annual fast of the Mussulman, extending over a period of a month from July 13 to August 12, during which he abstains from food and drink every day between dawn and sunset.

Following the rule established last year, to respect the religious feasts of all soldiers in the French army, and facilitate their observance, the Minister of War ordered that the commissary department furnish supplies to the Mohammedan soldiers in accordance with their traditions.